

Eugenia :

OR, AN

E L E G Y

UPON

The DEATH of the  
HONOURABLE

Madam —.

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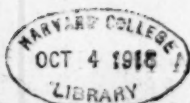
*Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus  
Tam Chari Capitis ? præcipe lugubres  
Cantus, Melpomene, cui liquidam Pater  
Vocem cum cithara dedit.*

—— *Utinam modo dicere possem  
Carmina digna Dea, certe est Dea carmi-  
[na digna.*

---

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of  
Modern Languages*



**ROBERT DAVIES**  
of Llanerch Denbighshire

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T O

# Lycophron.

**I** Receiv'd a Letter from the best of Men, enrich'd with all those Strains of Civility and Goodness, which are so natural to him: There was one thing in it, which I could not at first distinguish, whether it was a Complement, or a Reproach; when, with so serious an Air, you Congratulate my late Repulse; You seem to be as glad, as if I was sav'd from Ship-wrack, or retriev'd from a Precipice. I have another Ingenious, Gentile Friend in the World, who can bear witness how Cold and Reserv'd I was in that Matter, and what slender Encouragement I gave to those Advances, which were afterwards made in my behalf: I must needs say, I weigh'd every Consequence to a Grain, & easily foresaw, what Childish & Revengeful Hands I was falling into; who only waited for such a luscious Opportunity, that they might Grin, and shew the foulness and rancour of their Teeth for my last Poem: Did their ill Humour only terminate in my self, it would require but little Stoicism to digest it, and I could throw it off with a great Indifference; for it is but only passing by, and dis-regarding these little Creatures, and their Clamours are quickly silenced: But when they are sapping the Foundation of our Religion, and English Liberty,

— Quis tam ferreus ut teneat se?

*This would unloose Dumbness it self into an Exclamation, when he sees his Country going to be Destroy'd.*

*These were the Men, who, in the Two last Reigns, were made the wretched Instruments to bring in Tyranny, and Superstition upon*

### The Epistle Dedicatory.

*us in a full Torrent, and Impunity hath harden'd their Fore-heads to nibble at the same Attempts in this: Indeed they were like Puppets manag'd upon a Wire by the Craft and Finess of the Jesuites, a Race of Men sprung up in the World to extinguish all that is Just, Honest, or Merciful in it; So that the Character, which wise Tacitus gives of one of the Roman Emperours, exactly Quadrates with them: He saith that he was Natura factus, & consuetudine exercitus, velare odium fallacibus blanditiis: So these are fram'd by Nature, and train'd up by Custome, to dissemble their Hatred with false Caresses. It was by these Capoteries, which any, but themselves, might have seen thro'; the Cheat was so Transparent, that they were wrought upon to give up the vital Priviledges of their City without the least Regret; and so not only Enslav'd themselves, but Betray'd their Posterity too, for which they were only Guardians, and Trustees, and that with the Breach of the most Solemn Oath that ever was Administer'd. And here I think it a just Opportunity to record an Action of one, who was nearly related to me; Who tho' the Rites of a Father's Funeral were to be performed that very day, Yet he left the Body Dead upon the Table, and went in his Mourning (a very proper Habit even upon that Occasion too) to Assert his native City in its last Agonies, and gave his Vote against the Surrender: This was such an Instance of honest Gallantry in our Family, that it may serve to Expiate for all the Misfortunes which have since befallen it; and yet these Designs are farded over with very specious Pretences, and as an illiterate Person prefer'd to an Office, doth his Name, so they Stamp the Church upon every thing that comes under their Hands, but she doth not stand in need of such Defenders; 'Tis not the Volleys of their Oaths, nor the Noise of their profane Healtis, that, like a Tempest, must root Her the faster: And I think it extreemly hard that the best Constituted, and most equally pois'd Government upon the Face of the Earth, should be undermin'd by every turbulent Pretender, and rail'd at by every sawcy Mechanick: But their Ignorance is an Antidote against their Malice, and the File will be too hard for their Teeth, let them be never so Venemous.*

*There*



## The Epistle Dedicatory.

*There is one thing (my Lycophron) would kindle Resentment even in the most sedate Temper, to see a bold Fellow mount the Pulpit, and there Desecrate, and Profane that solemn Place, by almost down-right Ribaldry against the Government ; where, without any regard to Sense, Civility, or good Manners, he Vomits up his ill-bred Choller, manfully Encounters with his own Shadow, and makes Passes at the Air ; Whilst the Audience are Tortur'd upon the Rack, and are in Pain for him, when he hath not one Blush of Modesty to be asham'd for himself : He seems to be a Compound made up of Brass and Lead, which Aldrovandus tells us was a Mettal once found in the Mines of Germany, all Effrontery and Dulness ; He is an Ordeal Plough-share Red-hot, or rather a Rocket-Candle, which spatters out a ridiculous Fire for a time, and then goes out with a Crack, and proves Offensive to the whole Company : Indeed an Embargo should be laid upon his Text, and be strictly examin'd, whether Contraband-Divinity doth not lye under it, for a Bible and a Sword are equally dangerous in the Hands of such Men. I have often applied a Story to them in my Thoughts, which I have somewhere read in a Phyician ; He relates that the Heir of an Honourable Family made his Addressees to a Young Lady, which she answer'd with a mutual Complaisance ; there was no Exception to his Person, for it was very Inviting, there was a plentiful Estate, and a firm Consent on both Sides : But it seems the unhappy Gentleman had formerly been bit by a Dog, which he did not then apprehend to be Mad ; and Books tell you amazing Stories of those, who are so assaulted, that they have been almost chang'd into the Nature of those Creatures, which have so infested them, that they will Lap, Foam, and Bark like them ; So here the poisonous Ferment, which had lain so long Dormant in his Blood, took this fatal Occasion to exert it self ; For upon his Wedding-Night, he made most dreadful Howlings, and with a Violence so sudden, that it admitted no rescue, he tore the poor Bride to pieces : So these furious Bigots devour the Church, they make Court to, and pour out their precious Balms, only in order to her Funeral.*

*I believe (Lycophron) you Contur with all those, who love the*

### The Epistle Dedicatory.

*Prosperity of England, in wishing a Fortunate and Glorious Descent upon France; and that our Great Scipio would Transport the War to the Walls of the Modern Carthage, which is as Cruel, and Perfidious, as the Old; and the Gallick is as false as the Punick Faith: We will then be a Convulsion in their Bowels, and Tear them worse than the Earthquake did Sicily. Our English Stomachs will never be Satisfy'd, till they have swallow'd those Mushrooms, as Aelian tells us, in his Natural History, That a sick Lyon can't be recover'd, till he hath eaten an Apé. There is one thing you cannot but observe, which runs with a very popular Train, That some People are very liberal of their Invektives against the Dutch, when take them on every Side of the Prospect, they are useful Neighbours, and a seasonable Allie; the Proofs they have given of their Courage, in Vindicating their Liberty against Spain, with the Heroes of Nassau at the Head of them, are not to be parallel'd in History: And as for Learning, the Church of Rome, as diffusive as it is, never equal'd them; Petau, tho' a Nervous Writer, never came up to Grotius; Bidderman, a delicious Poet, is distant by Daniel, and Nicolas Heinsius; and all the Doctors of the Sorbon, and Jesuits of the Minerve, did never reach either Vossius, Father or Son: As for a Climate we should cease to Ridicule that, unless we had a better of our own, where we have not Sun enough to ripen any generous Fruit; And I heard a smart Italian once say, Il mezzo dell' anno fra voi Inglese è spaventole borasca & l' altro mezzo è invierno, Half of your English Year is terrible Wind and Rain; and the other half is Winter. Some Men are very apt to charge others with Ingratitude, when they are enormously Guilty of it themselves, and that accompany'd with Stupidity too; For though they were reliev'd with Manna in the Wilderness, yet they still long for the Darknes and Slavery of Egypt: These, tho' Masters of so much Knowledge, yet were so Senseless as to worship the Leeks and Onions in their Gardens; and we have some who can match them in that Point of their Idolatry too: For as they swallow'd their Deities in a Salade, so the Papists chew down their God in a Wafer. If they should ever bring the*  
French

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

French in upon us (but I hope Heaven and Earth, and the Stars in their Courses will fight against them) we shall be all shut up in one common Dungeon together ; and then we shall have nothing left to do, but to Revile, and shake our Chains one at another ; or if there is any Civility remaining, it will be like that which pass'd between Two French Porters at the going through a Gate : They had both heavy Burthens upon their Necks, but were resolv'd to stoop down lower with a Compliment ; and the Scene of nice Behaviour between these well-bred Gentlemen was after this manner, C'est à vous, pardonnez moy, C'est à vous, passez ; Which I will take the liberty thus to Translate ; The Prebeminence of place belongs to You, Noble Sir ; To whom the other submissively Reparteed, I most humbly beg your Pardon, and kiss your Hands, it is more strictly your due as the Elder Slave, therefore move on without any more Ceremony. I would make an Apology to any one but your self for this Poem, but you can Witness how long it hath lain by me, and by what Importunities it is at last Solicited out of that Retirement : Besides, I am certain, you will be pleased with any thing that contributes to my Recreation ; For you know I only use Poetry as a Relaxation from severer Studies : and as I disturb no Man's Diversion, so I desire the fair Liberty to be allowed mine. I must confess, when I am stuck fast in an Antiquary, have lost my way in a dark Author, and made my Head Ake with Polemical Gladiators ; I then refresh my wearied Spirits with more brisk and lively Meditations ; that is, I walk up an Hill to throw off so much Phlegm and Indigestion. There is a Notion obtains amongst some Weak People, that if a Man is not at the Anvil, or the Hammer, that he is Lazy and Un-employ'd : They can form no Idea of the Fatigues of the Mind, what a Labour 'tis to lay down Propositions, and draw true Inferences from them, to reconcile the repugnancy of Authors, and rightly to understand the Meaning and Customes of the Ancients : But I will for the future Abridge my self of this Pleasure too, least what is Innocent at first, by too much Indulgence, may become an ill habit, and the Distemper growing Chronical, I shall relapse into Rhiming every Spring and Fall.

You

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

*You will find in one place, that I have Translated a piece of Tasso, Compos'd in that sort of measure, which they call their Octaves; and which the Italians extreamly delight in, beyond their Terzetti, Sciolti and Sdruccioli, a sort of Verses which you are well acquainted with: Mine is but a rude Essay, and it is only fit for the Sublime Genius of Mr. Dryden, to imitate and pursue to an Excellence.*

*And now (Lycophron, Dulcissime rerum) I must be farther remov'd from You, almost out of the Commerce of the World, at least the Beau Monde; I shall now more than ever Lament the loss of your Polite, and Obliging Conversation, when I am depriv'd of One who was so Judicious in his Remarks, and Candid in his Censures; and whom I never saw the least Passion to discompose: I never observed him Uneasy, but when the Calamities of Mankind made him so, and then a generous Pity touch'd him, and he Languish'd, when others were in Distress: He had always a serene Countenance, and chearful Spirit, and an attracting Gayety displaying it self in all his Discourses: His Raillery was very Just and In-offensive, and only had due Picquancy, which is the relish of the Fruit; but when any Points of Learning came before him, no Difficulty was too hard for his Solution: Then like another Xerxes he cut through Mount Athos to make a passage for his Eloquence to flow; and he level'd the harsh and irregular Soil into a smooth and equal Surface: His Reason was Free and Unconfined, not fetter'd by the Barbarous Terms of the Schools; and his Rhetorick stream'd from him with a-gentle Easiness, without the least Affectation. Indeed always Profit and Delight were deriv'd from his Mouth, as if the Swarm of Bees which pitch'd upon St. Ambrose's Face, had lighted upon his too, and Sweetness hath distill'd from his Lips ever since, with a Source never to be exhausted. There is One thing Particular in our Friendship, That it hath hitherto shin'd without a Cloud, and there hath not been the least Pique or Disgust to over-cast it; if any thing had been capable to give it Disturbance, I fancy it would be like the Well mention'd by Pliny, which if any Dirt was thrown into it, it would Rage and grow Impetuous, till it had cleared it self*

The Epistle Dedicatory.

*self from the impure Mixture, and recover'd its limpid Beauty again : And as it first rose with a Lustre, so in this Decline of our Tears, let it go down so too ; but if Providence ordains, that I must never see that Face again, which is the seat of Modesty, Courtesy and good Nature, yet let your Correspondence reach me, though at this distance : A Letter from you, like one fix'd to an Arrow, and shot into a Besieged Town, will flatter me with some hopes that Succours are approaching. Though I am Buried to all the World besides, yet let me live in the Thoughts of Lycophron, and find a shelter in that Breast, whereon I have so often taken delight to lay my Head : As Dying Augustus to his Livia, Let me enjoyn You to cherish the Remembrance of our former Endearments, and constantly to believe, That Lycophron was Lov'd with the strongest and most Sincere Passion that ever Heart was capable of, By*

His most Faithful,

and,

Affectionate Servant,

MAT. MORGAN.

the house of the late James M. Smith, who was the first to settle in the country, and who was the first to build a house in the country. The house was built in 1840, and was the first of the kind in the country. It was built on the site of the old Indian village, and was the first of the kind in the country. It was built on the site of the old Indian village, and was the first of the kind in the country.

2005-2006

1995

НАДЛОМ ТАМ



# AN ELEGY

Upon the DEATH of the

Honourable Madam —

**T**HE feather'd Race had left their downy Nest;  
*Lugora*, like a Bride was early Drest;  
 Gayly Attir'd, in all her Nuptial Beams,  
 Her Dawn had chas'd away deluding Dreams;

Fancy too faithfully Records doth keep,  
 Doubly disturbs us, waking and asleep;  
 False Lights the Traveller no longer tire,  
 Led in a Round by a phantastick Fire:  
 Now *Melibæus* did his Flocks unfold,  
 And the day broke thro' Portals made of Gold,  
 Which Nature had mixt up with vivid Blew,  
 And his strong Beams exhal'd the Pearls of Dew;  
 Now the *Bolognian* Stone imbibing Light,  
 Impregnated with Lustre scatter'd Night;  
 It was upon this most delicious Morn,  
 When all things the Creation did adorn,  
 That *Damon* to an Eminence did repair,  
 There to suck in refreshing Gales of Air;  
 A Double benefit we by Walking find,  
 It doth dilate our Lungs, but more our Mind;

B

Un-

Unactive into Lethargies we sink,  
 But there without Constraint we Breath and Think;  
 His Eyes did various Objects here pursue,  
 And something shew'd peculiar to his View;  
 Below a Precipice there flows a Tide,  
 Whose narrow Water doth Two Shores divide,  
 Just makes a Passage for it self to Glide;  
 Yet this thick Lake transports the Merchant's wealth,  
 Below is Riches, and above is Health;  
 Here lofty Rocks before the Deluge stood,  
 A stately Guard to such an homely Flood;  
 And the hard Stones are cloath'd with verdant wood,  
 And here they had their Primitive abode;  
 The breaking of the *Vortex* we Explode;  
 Small Trees sprongt up unto the waters high,  
 But Oaks do grow upon the Mountains high,  
 As if they from the Ocean did fly;  
 In vain it self the cautious Timber saves,  
 It must be prest for Battles on the waves;  
 Diverting Lawns do both the Summits Crown,  
 For on each Top there is a lovely Down;  
 Here you enjoy a free and open Sky,  
 And underneath do shining Pebbles lye;  
 False and Transparent as an Hypocrite,  
 Or like a Fop that glitters to your sight,  
 But with intrinsick Value is not Bright;  
 With precious Gems the Eastern Country Teems,  
 Assisted by the Sun's prolific Beams;  
 Our Climate doth depreciate their worth,  
 It hath not strength to bring a Jewel forth;  
 In an harsh Soil Nature like *Mandrakes* groans,  
 And is deliver'd of abortive Stones,  
 There runs along the Valiant *Britains* Coast,  
 Which haughtily *Plinlimmon's* Hills doth boast;

The

The *Severn* there doth rise, it is so high;  
 The River seems Extracted from the Sky;  
 But what exalts your Admiration most,  
 Here you grow well with very little Cost;  
 A Sovereign water thro' a Spout doth flow,  
 which Nature, like her Treasures, hath plac'd low;  
 With Pain to things of Value we arrive,  
 We climb for *Cocoas*, and for Pearls we dive;  
 'Tis of a Temper betwixt hot and cool,  
 As Sanative as was *Bethesda's* Pool;  
 Invererate Ulcers here dry'd up are seen,  
*Gehazi's* Leprosy might here be Clean;  
 Concretions of Gravel it doth wast,  
 Strong in Effect, but soft unto the Taste;  
 It for the *Diabetes* doth provide,  
 And stops that Current with a Counter-tide;  
 So in the narrow Streights of *Gibraltar*,  
 Which both from *Spain* and *Africk* is not far,  
 The waters flow out of a mighty Urn,  
 Those Issues under the same Sea return;  
 For a *Sub-aqueous* passage they obtain,  
 The Plummets turn, and they creep back again;  
 And now they're carrying on a brave Design,  
 The rugged Scituation to refine;  
 To raise the Stream, and to retrieve its Heat  
 Like the Projector's Humour, wise and great;  
 Nature her obvious Largesses doth deal,  
 Her Fountains quench, her Mineral-waters heal:  
 This doth a Confluence of People draw,  
 It we may justly call the *Bristol* Spaw;  
 Here the delicious hand of skilful *White*,  
 Who with *Taille Donce* doth all the world delight,  
 Should with his nicest Touch describe its life;  
 A coarse Engraver rudely doth disgrace,  
 With his harsh Stroaks so Beautiful a place;  
 That

That Art and Verse are both beyond his ken,  
 One can't tell which is duller, Tool or Pen;  
 Of Conversation would engross the Sense,  
 A Man of voluble Impertinence;  
 Tho' he talks on at such a furious rate,  
 'Tis harder to Perform than 'tis to Prate:  
 'Tis only you the brighter Powers above,  
 Know how sincerely I that City love;  
 For only you are conscious to those Sighs,  
 Which thick and frequent unto Heaven do rise;  
 When their Calamities do make me smarr,  
 And what they suffer, wounds me to the Heart:  
 But when indulgent Fortune proves more soft,  
 The Scale that is deprest doth mount aloft;  
 Then their Prosperity brings me Relief,  
 The Joy doth equal then my former Grief;  
 You a fresh suppliant I again invoke,  
 And with new Incense let your Altars smook;  
 Let there a Guardian-Angel always be,  
 To mitigate the Tempests of the Sea;  
 That they of prosperous Gales may never fail,  
 Let a full Trafick always fill the sail;  
 Of mutual Love let them the influence feel,  
 Their Feudes let a Balsamick Temper heal;  
 Let Charity like to their Wealth increase,  
 And what all other Joys consummates, Peace;  
 This Living is my passionate Desire,  
 And with these fervent Wishes would Expire.  
 Whilst this bright Landskip *Damon's* Thoughts delight,  
 An ancient Object did arrest his sight;  
 This quicken'd with fresh speed his joyful Feet,  
 He hastily advanc'd his Friend to meet,  
 And with this courteous Language him did greet.

*Dam.* I of this happy Meeting now am proud,  
 But a false Lover may my *Alcon* shroud;      when

When from afflicted me he did withdraw,  
 The Face I so much lov'd, I never saw;  
 You on a Journey upwards then was bent,  
 And since you have not a kind Message sent;  
 Tho' we from thence do never foot-steps trace,  
 Yet by a Patent of peculiar Grace,  
 You're come to tell the Wonders of the Place;  
 So that a Patriarch's Blessing I do gain,  
 I both a Friend and Angel entertain.

*Alc.* *Damon*, I would be rightly understood,  
 I still am *Alcon*, real Flesh and Blood.

*Dam.* I know 'tis not Civility to look,  
 On what you Read, nor pry into a Book;  
 But you I am sure will answer the Demand,  
 What is't you hold in your Obliging Hand?  
 Which such a dazzling Ornament receives  
 From Marble Colours, and from Gilded Leaves.

*Alc.* It is a Poem, reeking from the Mint,  
 Which a great Personage Celebrates in Print;  
 Two Things in me did raise a curious Flame,  
 The Greatness of the Task and Author's Fame;  
 For a just Praise here is a mighty Theme,  
 He still hath mine, as once the World's Esteem;  
 The Nation did his Genius extol,  
 He rid in Triumph to the Capitol;  
 Over Words obsolete a Conquest gains,  
 And Barbarous Language Captive led in Chains;  
 Nay, *France* and *Italy* he did Subdue,  
 And forc'd them to an Homage that was Due;  
 He made them all their Contributions bring,  
 To Form those Lines this ancient Bard did Sing;  
 Our *English* Tongue He doubly did Refine,  
 When in a proper Sphere this Star did shine;  
 Support his Laurels, which begin to fade,  
 He was not Born to be Condemn'd to Shade;

A publick Fund should furnish his Expence;  
*Not live a Rent Charge upon Providence;*  
 Our Enemies and Reproach may vaunt;  
 That *England* suffer'd such a Pen to want;  
 Tho' a Defect from our Church. He ranp out  
 Pity his Errors, but Admire the Man;  
 Consider that we had him in the Prime,  
 In his Ascendant of delicious Rhime,  
 When Honey was extracted from his Thyme;  
 His Measures did with Light and Vigour run,  
 We had his Rising, *Rome* his Setting-Sun;  
 Blood in our Age grows Vappid and Austere,  
 And then he past the *Alps* with Vinegar;  
 But our Fair *Atthis* did his Youth delight,  
 Whose Shore is safe, and all her Rocks are white.

*Dam.* That Lady all *Parnassus* might Command,  
 And Incense she deserv'd from every Hand;  
 The Native matter doth exceed all Cost;  
 On rich Materials the Painting's lost;  
 You don't, Leaf-Gold on Orient Jewels lay,  
 Nor dawb fine *Paradise* with common Clay;  
 Encomiums on her unford'd did flow,  
 Chaplets of Roses every one did throw;  
 With suitable Presents did the Subject treat,  
 Like her Looks, florid, as her Manners, sweet.

*Alc.* Another *Heroine* (my *Damon*) Dy'd  
 In Blood, but dyer in Verrue more ally'd;  
 We the *Ledeae* Stars will now displace,  
 And these Two Sisters shall the Heavens grace;  
 Now in one Orb this most Illustrious Pair,  
 Shall with an Aspect radiate more fair;  
 Then *Ariadne's* Crown, or *Berenice's* Hair.

*Dam.* Slight words with vast Resentments do not suit,  
 Th' importance of the Sorrow stuck us mute.  
 Once



Once an *Assassin* with a Barbarous will,  
 The *Lydian* Monarch did attempt to kill;  
 But filial Pity to prevent the Blow,  
 Unloos'd his Tongue, and made strange Accents flow:  
 But here our Anguish silent did become,  
 The Horror of her Fate here struck us Dumb;  
 And *Chlio* the Majestick Queen of Wit,  
 With the News blasted fell into a Fit;  
 But now her Spirits with fresh Vigour run,  
 For in her Face they've sprinkled Helicon;  
 Her Death for melting Elegies doth call,  
 And all the Muses should hold up the Pall;  
 Mix with her Funeral Unguents *Gilias* Balm,  
 And bind the *Cypress* with Triumphant Palm;  
 She still aspir'd unto her blest abode,  
 Her Soul rose higher with the Bodies load.

*Alc.* She was (my *Damon*) Pious and Devout,  
 Not like the Customs of the vulgar Rout,  
 who Herd themselves under an holy Roof,  
 To make wry Faces, and fold down a Proof;  
 In a new Dress; their Neighbours to out-shine,  
 And shew the staring Parish that they're Fine:  
 She listen'd with as strict Religious Awe,  
 As when the *Israelites* receiv'd the Law;  
 Tho' the Instructor might by her be led,  
 For She had all his Topicks in her Head;  
 Was drown'd in Extasy with *David's* Lyre,  
 Like *Sheba's* Queen his Son she did admire:  
 Shun'd his Example, did his Precepts mind,  
 Tho' to her Sex he was profusely Kind.

*Dam.* In a contracted Sphere She brighter shone;  
 (We Grieve and Pray most heartily alone)  
 And She would often privately withdraw,  
 Then her Omniscience only kneeling saw;  
 She

She many Hours and late did then bestow,  
 And then her Tears in silent Streams did flow;  
 They Piously, but yet in vain were spilt,  
 'Cause for Abolution they found no Guilt;  
 For the superfluous Tribute of her Eyes,  
 To weep out others Debts might well suffice;  
 On her Account so much they might abate,  
 And with her Merit Superarrogate;  
 Fervent and Constant she her Vows did pay,  
 She did her self and not by Proxy pray,  
 Like to the *Roman* Lady's easy way;  
 When too much Holiness the Priest commands,  
 Which like a Drug doth ly upon their hands,  
 In Gaming they a Remedy do seek,  
 And his Injunctions they throw off at Glee;  
 They do not *Louis-Lors*, or *Guineys* take,  
*Pater's* and *Ave-Mary's* down they stake;  
 The Loofer's forc'd to pray, but she that Wins,  
 Transfers this Expiation for her Sins.  
*Horace's* Rustick once his Eyes did Tire,  
 The current of the Flood he did admire;  
 How that with Windings did it self embrace,  
 The former still successive Waves did trace;  
 His Time and Patience fruitlessly did wast,  
 He gap'd in vain till all the Stream was past;  
 With an Eternal Volume that did glide,  
 He might as well have sprouted by its side;  
 So Envy here Consum'd her self in vain,  
 To see of Vertues such a mighty Train;  
 Vast Numbers were before, and she did find,  
 That still a long Retinue was behind;  
 Thick Volumes on her loaded Shelves did stand,  
 So rang'd, that they were ready at Command,  
 Like Souldiers waiting Orders they did stay,  
 Were not false Musters, but in real Pay.

*EUGENIA* in a finer Mold was made,  
 Then only to keep Authors for *Parade*;  
 She to divert her did not stand in need  
 Of Monsieur *Sendery*, or *Calprenede*;  
 But their elaborate Trifles she did slight,  
 She spoke more Wit than both those Two could Write:  
 When the fond Ladies for their Heroes smart,  
 And Pity *Tiridates* from their Heart,  
 Then to her Closet was a liberal Door,  
 For the Rich Learning, Medicines for the Poor.  
 The Labourer who at the Plow doth tug,  
 When he is Sick, then Ginger is his Drug;  
 Or some Specifick of a *Charlatan*,  
 They Live and Dye as Cheap as e're they can.  
 The Place she did with her own Products fill,  
 Administer'd what she did first Distil;  
 Diseases, ne're so Monstrous, she could tame,  
 An healing Spirit on her Waters came;  
 With a calm Influence it there did move,  
 And peaceful Health was brought you by a Dove;  
 Wit hout his sting you did the Serpent feel,  
 The Viper in her Treacles too did heal.

Alc. *EUGENIA* was the Minion of Fate,  
 Learning, Wit, Beauty, and a great Estate,  
 And what can richer Blessings Complicate?  
 But Wealth's like Fresco-Painting on a wall,  
 Where Shades with curious Adjustment fall;  
 Altho' the Colouring looks very Gay  
*Salt-petre* without time will it betray,  
 And Siegnior *Verrio*'s Pencil must decay.  
 But Wit to after-Ages down will pass,  
 A Monument more durable than Brass;  
 Some Husbands wealthy Heiresses do get,  
 And their own Fortunes like to Moths they fret;

C

Upon

Upon their mighty Portions they presume,  
 And in the Flame at last themselves consume;  
 They at each Check do into Anger flash,  
 The passive Tool is Keeper of their Cash;  
 He like a Steward daily must provide,  
 Materials for their Wantonness and Pride,  
 Their Faults must never see, or else must hide;  
*EUGENIA* wisely manag'd what she brought,  
 And other Wives by her Example taught.

*Dam.* Don't you remember that some Years ago,  
 I prais'd this noble Lady; *Alc.* Yes I do;  
 You were Transported beyond usual bounds,  
 So much the Extasy of Joy confounds;  
 So heated we could scarce come near the Fire,

*Dam.* It was *EUGENIA* did my Breast inspire;  
 Still on my mind the strong Impression lies,  
 Liking at first to wonder did arise;  
 So sweet, yet so commanding was her Meene,  
 In her an Unaffected Air was seen;  
 Her Questions all were Pertinent and Wise,  
 With easy turns of Wit in her Replies:  
 \* The curious Workmanship she did applaud,  
 The Structure great, as was the Founder, *Land*:  
 Here Two successively they can relate,  
 The Props and Ornaments of Church and State;  
 Them in a different Character you must seek,  
 One was Magnanimous, the other Meek;  
 A Third hath now a Mitre on his Head,  
 Whose Vertues equal, can't surpass the Dead;  
 Here Famous Men do constantly Preside,  
 Still as the hopeful Blossoms drop'd and dy'd,  
 Emergent Wits have still that Loss supply'd.

\* The Author had the Honour to shew her St. John's College.

This Mansion sweet *Amariel* doth grace,  
 Goodness is in his Temper, and his Face;  
 And once the publick *Fasces* he did wield,  
 For such a Prudence 'twas a proper Field;  
 He was not Partial, justly was Severe,  
 They did not dread their Punisher, but revere;  
 And upright *Lycidas* doth there reside,  
 Seems Rough at first, but not one Grain of Pride,  
 Integrity can't be known until 'tis try'd.  
 But then with rich Discoveries you are blest,  
 When you have div'd into his honest Breast;  
 His Fortune is proportion'd to his Mind,  
 Tho' not his Merit, Generous and Kind:  
*Menalcas* by the Learned is admir'd,  
 He seems, in what he Prints, to be inspir'd;  
 With such Address he for that Subject fights,  
 He the Example is of what he writes;  
 Under an happy Aspect he is Born,  
 Knowledge, both to enlarge and to adorn;  
 With such a charming Gravity doth move,  
 That whilst you Reverence you needs must Love;  
 As Courtiers surfeited with being Great,  
 For their Retirement choose an homely Seat,  
 And there accept a clean, tho' coarse-spun Treat.  
 So since *EUGENIA* me so far did Bless,  
 As to be pleas'd with such a mean Address;  
 I on that happy Favour still will Dore,  
 It is a Canton added to my Coat:

*Alc.* Oh! *Damon*, She was exquisitely Bred,  
 Travers'd her own, did foreign Countries tread;  
 To *Paris* went, but did not there repair  
 For Toys, to raffle at *St. German's* Fair;  
 Of learned Conference she reap'd the Fruits,  
 Heard their Harangues, and manag'd their Disputes.

Madam *Le Fevre* did her Friendship court,  
 Nature exactly did their Tempers sort ;  
 So that betwixt them Wit was current pay,  
 The *Englilh* Bullion with the *French* allay ;  
 This Lady Monsieur *d'Acier* did Wed,  
 The Partner of his Studies and his Bed ;  
 Nothing in her was Trivial or Light,  
 Like polish'd Armour ponderous and bright.

*Dam.* Nature did Children to her Womb deny,  
 But did that want (if one it is) supply,  
 For where in them doth the great Pleasure lie?  
 If wicked grown, their Birth you do deplore,  
 And they are greater Burthens then before ;  
 Heavier then that a Mother once did feel,  
 With whom harsh Nature cruelly did deal,  
 Her Torments sharper than *Ixion's* Wheel ;  
 She could not be unloaded of her Freight,  
 But Swell'd and Labour'd with a monstrous Weight ;  
 The Ligatures almost to breaking strains,  
 And she had all but those of Child-bed Pains ;  
 So in her Bed the mournful Wretch was laid,  
 Beyond all Remedies, and *Lucina's* Aid.  
 Till Death the kinder Mid-wife cut her Life,  
 And this made way for the incision-Knife,  
 Her Belly open'd after that she dy'd,  
 An Infant in her Womb was petrify'd ;  
 In their Enquiry thus they were beguil'd,  
 For there they found a Statue for a Child :  
 \* And *Noſtredame* with his Divining Care,  
 It did foretel, the Instance was so rare ;  
*Augustus* with his Poets did Converſe,  
*Horace* and *Virgil* to him did rehearſe :

\* This happened at Sens in France, related by Apollin.



Altho' they chearful Subjects did Compose,  
 Yet they were Pensive both, tho' not Morose;  
 For Wits they say are melancholly Men,  
 As the Ink shines that's Blackest in the Pen;  
*Mecenas* did the Emperour surprize,  
 Betwixt a sighing Breast, and streaming Eyes;  
 So Mothers of their Children the most proud  
 On Phantasms doat, and hug a weeping Cloud;  
 And when she sung her own melodious Songs,  
 The Quire of chearful Birds about her throngs;  
 As *Strada's* Nightingal once strain'd her Throat,  
 Of a sweet Shell to imitate the Note;  
 Her Voice unto the loftiest Pitch did raise,  
 For even Birds ambitious are of Praise;  
 And when her Warbles she could mount no higher,  
 Fell dead with emulous Pangs upon the Lyre;  
*Alexandrinus* saith, a Chord did lye,  
 Sadly dismember'd, when 'twas strain'd too high:  
 And then a Grasshopper the Rupture heal'd,  
 Who is the harmless Syrene of the Field;  
 He to the Wound a quick relief did bring,  
 The loving Insect gratefully did Sing,  
 And in the vacant place supply'd the string;  
 Musick the secret exquisitely knows,  
 Our Passions how to move and to Compose;  
 With lively Stroaks it makes our Spirits bright,  
 And Martial ones inflame us for a Fight,  
 Fit for a Warriour and a Carpet-Knight;  
 For all agreeable purposes it serves,  
 When a sweet *Palsey* shakes the tuneful Nerves;  
 Some Men Religion in fower Faces place,  
 Learning and Sense despise, are all for Grace;  
 Who scatter Dullness wheresoe're they come,  
 And at a mighty distance can benumb;

Like

Like the *Torpedo* whose cold Blood is such,  
 It stupifies the Hand that doth it touch ;  
 Are like the Animal with capricious root,  
 A mixture 'tis betwixt a Plant and Brute ;  
 He hath not tender Feet or Flesh to walk,  
 But grows upon an heterogeneous Stalk ;  
 The Ground of its adjacent Grass deprives,  
 As wild and strange as *Tartary* where it Thrives ;  
 With bleating Life doth such a likeness keep  
 A ravenous Wolf mistook it for a Sheep ;  
 These with malicious Spasms do always grin,  
 And think to be Harmonious is a Sin ;  
 When Protestants did first begin in *France*,  
 Had *Calvin* but indulg'd the Folk to Dance,  
 The Reformation then had farther spread,  
 They would not Converts be with Heels of Lead ;  
 Their Genius was discourag'd by these Men,  
 Who against innocent Fiddles drew their Pen ;  
 'Gainst that with dire *Anathema's* did write,  
 Which is the noblest of Mankind's delight,  
 I mean besides these Men of Grace and Spite. }  
 Whereas one *Orpheus* with his strains of Love  
 Had given them Heaven below, and one above.

*Alc.* Nothing Impertinent did her Time devour,  
 Of frivolous Visits did not make a *Tour* ;  
 Where they for Fashions strive as for a prize,  
 And absent Reputation Sacrifice ;  
 There in consult each doth her part dissect,  
 And there lay open every small defect ;  
 Some are Devout, but then are seeming Saints,  
 Another's Fair, but then I fear she Paints ;  
 One is good-natur'd, but an arrant fool,  
 Her Colour *Fucus* is, and *Spanish-Wool* ;  
 Another hath a quick Majestick Eye,  
 But then her ill-set Body is a-wry ;

So every one her chattering Rival Apes,  
 And when they once fall out we know their shapes.  
 Some do their Passion and their Time abuse,  
 And others Patience, with their *billet doux* ;  
 For as the Learned *Petrarch* hath defin'd,  
 Love drawn from Phlegm, and to its height refin'd,  
 Is when we muse, or weep, or write our Mind.  
 These three it in a golden Chain doth link,  
 It doth consist of Thoughts, and Tears, and Ink ; \*  
 Her Off-spring was of a more lasting race,  
 Which Sicknels can't deform, nor Time deface ;  
 As *Pallas* in the Thunderer was bred,  
 Nothing but wisdom issu'd from her Head ;  
 On sly Detractors she did always frown,  
 Tender of others Credit, as her Own.  
 The Royal *Ermin* loves the sweetest Grass,  
 Nothing can force it thro' the Dirt to pass ;  
 'Twill rather fall into the Hunters toil,  
 Then its Prerogative-skin with Foulness spoil.

Dam. *EUGENIA* too in Painting did delight,  
 Musick doth charm the Ear, and this the Sight ;  
 She with a skilful readiness could tell,  
 In what nice Touches each one did excel ;  
 The Pieces when produc'd did quickly know,  
 This to be *Raphael's*, that of *Angelo* ;  
 To what bold flights the noble *Titian* flew,  
 And the sweet Passion that old *Palma* drew ;  
 These Men do on their Darling fancies doat,  
 As *Bega* on his *Burdock* and his *Goat*.  
 A curious Piece within the spacious Hall  
 Of \* *Wotton*, hung too low upon the wall ;  
 The Pencil here two snarling Doggs did draw,  
 With flaming Nostrils and a threatening Paw ;

\* Sir Henry

\* *Pensieri e lagrime e inchiostro*, Petr.

Blood in their angry Veins did seem to beat,  
 What lay before them both, was painted Meat;  
 A living Mastiff did decide the fray,  
 And from the colour'd Rivals tore the Prey,  
 The Picture thus deform'd he more did prize,  
 And Valued it beyond his Embassies.

*Alc.* Some do with sudden indignation flush,  
 And Anger is mistaken for a Blush;  
 A sweet Complexion on her Cheeks did spread,  
 'Twas a pacifick Sea altho 'twas Red;  
 Rich Cloaths on vulgar Carcasses we see,  
 But Jewels do distinguish Quality.

*EUGENIA* was not proud of Varnish'd dust  
 She by the Body did her Soul adjust:

As once a wise Philosopher did say,  
 That we in Mirrours should our selves survey,  
 That suitable Customes might our Features grace,  
 The Life be correspondent to the Face. [rupt me Sir,

*Dam.* She like — *Alc.* Nay more — *Dam.* You inter-

*Alc.* Who would not in this Case himself prefer?  
 More than seven Cities should contend for Her,  
 As once for *Homer*; for what eager Earth  
 Would not Ambitious be of such a Birth?  
 So that betwixt us only's the Contest,  
 By whom she should be Celebrated best.

*Dam.* She like a Jewel curiously was set,  
 But not to be a talkative *Coquet*,  
 Who's prating wheresoever she doth come,  
 As troublesome as was *Mompesson's* Drum;  
 But Modesty in *EUGENIA* was refin'd,  
 She like the Morning, blush'd before she shin'd;  
 Things of Importance still her silence broke,  
 But you the Oracle must first invoke,  
 Not like those old Impostors in the Oak;

Who

Who doubtful Resolutions did dispense,  
 And always whisper'd in a cloven Sense;  
 Then *Moreland's* Trumpet had been right apply'd,  
 As good an Oracle as ever ly'd.  
 If any thing had happ'ned to displease,  
 She turn'd it off with an obliging Ease.  
 As once a Man who mixeth up Deceits;  
 Was bold to practise with his fil'd Receipts;  
 Who with false *Succedaneums* you doth jilt,  
 But his smooth Tongue was like his Boxes Gilt;  
 A strict and Solemn Embassy did bring,  
 Unto *Alphonso* that Great *Naples* King;  
 Who *Apothegmes* spoke, and always wit,  
 And by *Panormitan* his Life is writ;  
 When the Harangue was by that Emp'rick made,  
 An Ear-wig Courtier told the Prince his Trade;  
 He smil'd, and with a courteous Air reply'd,  
 A Reprimand to check the other's Pride;  
 How shall we (Friend) those great Physicians prize,  
 If that their Med'cine-makers are so wise?

*Alc.* Her injur'd Countrey's Part she still did take,  
 Nothing her upright Constancy could shake;  
 Tho' then the times had got a Calenture,  
 And inflam'd Bigots rag'd beyond a Cure;  
 Then in Addresses fulsome Ink was spent,  
 And they Vow'd solemnly what they never meant.  
 If one with words too lavishly doth treat,  
 You always may suspect him for a Cheat;  
 With flatteries they did the Throne beguile,  
 And only in a Complement did smile;  
 Shew'd their Brass Faces, and their Leaden Style;  
 They call'd it Peace when 'twas a stupid Calm;  
 When Jesuits did false wares upon us palm;  
 As now in *Venice*, they in Masks did play,  
 And when detected they all sneak'd away;

D Nay

Nay then the Council-Table was forsook  
 By an Old, Sharping, Antiquated \* Rook ; \* F.P.  
 Went to the Pope for a new Bale of Dice,  
 Who is the Head infallible of Vice ;  
 These are the saucy Censurers of Kings,  
 Whose charitable Heat doth give them wings ;  
 Who otherwise within their Holes must keep,  
 And scarce are warm'd with Life enough to creep ;  
 With an affected, swelling Air they walk,  
 Stare, and look Big, but not much given to Talk ;  
 The Devil that possesseth them is Dumb,  
 And you may crack these Vermine on your Thumb ;  
 Nay from a Field of Thistles they will run,  
 As once in † *France* that great Exploit was done ;  
 When these *Scotch* Pike-men rais'd their panick Fears,  
 And their arm'd Heads they did mistake for Spears ;  
 These wretches desecrate the Holy day,  
 And come to Church to shew they cannot Pray ;  
 They draw their Swords in *Poland* at the Creed,  
 To manifest that for that Faith they'd Bleed ;  
 These Men would utter a malignant joy,  
 If they our Laws and Gospel could destroy ;  
 They are the wild *Chimera's* of a Dream,  
 Are slavish Creatures harness'd in a Teem ;  
 Sometimes you're Kill'd by an officious Friend,  
 So these subvert the Church they would defend.  
 As once a miserable King did lie  
 Half dead with Palsey, and the Lethargy ;  
 The fits almost of Sense did him deprive,  
 And this great Person they Embalm'd alive ;  
 To wrap the Carcass in they dawb'd a cloth,  
 To warm and rouze up his Diseases sloth ;

---

† Related by Philip de Comines.



The Surgeon by an evil Genius led,  
 The Candle he apply'd to burn the Thread ;  
 The Monarch was Calcin'd, He did expire  
 Another *Hercules*, in an unctuous Fire.

*EUGENIA* saw the mighty Torrent come,  
*Seine* with the *Tiber* mix'd, and *France* with *Rome* ;  
 But righteous *Moses* did command the flood,  
 And then the liquid Crystal solid stood ;  
 The Waters to arrest their Course he bids,  
 And now the Sea too had its Pyramids ;  
 That Element turn'd Rock, it could not run,  
 He stop'd the Ocean, *Josua* the Sun ;  
 With the last Hand to finish her Renown,  
 We'll to her Laurel add the Civick Crown.

*Dam.* And now methinks I see *EUGENIA* Dye,  
 And I my self a sable Mourner by ;  
 Each took about her Bed a mournful Post,  
 Did by their Looks anticipate her Ghost ;  
 \* *Smarrisce il bel volto in un colore,*  
*Che non e pallidezza, ma candore ;*  
*EUGENIA'S* Death was like a Summer's Night,  
 Where Darkness still is Checquer'd o're with Light,  
 'Twas not a Paleness, but a lovely White.

And now apace the vital Heat abates,  
 And now the languid Pulse vermiculates :  
 There with her last Regrets she struggling lay,  
 Her Soul contending with reluctant Clay,  
 And Death by gradual Conquest forc'd its way ;  
 It first attack'd, and then dissolv'd the Eye,  
 Where Goodness lodg'd, and Wit did sparkling lye :  
 The traces of the Soul in it we find,  
 It is the legible Index of the Mind :

---

\* Torquato Tasso.

Nature with Out-works doth this Fortrefs hold,  
 With curious Coats the texture doth enfold:  
 Death pass'd them all, and made a Lodgment there,  
 And the last Pang destroy'd the Cryстал Sphere:  
 No dismal *Screech-Owl* with fore-boding Wings,  
 Of her approaching Fate the message brings:  
 And then no Ominous worm Proclaim'd her Dead,  
 A Maggot in the Board, or in the Head:  
 But a Seraphick Lover there did stay,  
 Her Soul when 'twas dis-lodg'd to waft away;  
*Waller*, who Living, Her below did praise,  
 His Head encircled with immortal Rays,  
 And now with Lustre Crown'd instead of Bays;  
 With a fresh transport did renew his Theme,  
 Being defacated now from Earthly phlegm;  
*Cowley* darts out Extravagantly bright,  
 In a *Pindarick*, flowing Robe of Light;  
 The fair *Orinda* glitters by his side,  
 To a chaste Lover joyn'd a vertuous Bride;  
 This Guest they with their choice Regards did prize,  
 And shew'd her the Apartments of the skies;  
 For here a Magazine of Sighs appears,  
 There Vials stood with penitential Tears;  
 Here was the Court of Register for Prayer,  
 And there the Ventiducts of Incens'd Air;  
 Of mighty Grace there the Dispatches lay,  
 Were ready for the Envoys to convey;  
 Who unto Death-bed-sinners bring relief,  
 As once unto the Crucified Thief;  
 And here in Capital Beams their Names were fil'd,  
 Who under Popish persecutions smil'd;  
 The *Smithfield* Confessors are Recorded here,  
 And Saints of the *Parisian* Massacre.

A \* Mother taught her Stripling to destroy,  
 A cruel Mother and a wicked Boy!  
 With some this fond Opinion doth pass,  
 The melted Globe shall be a *Venice*-Glas;  
 For when the Furnace hath the Metal try'd,  
 With its last Efforts it is vitrify'd;  
 Lightning with fury uncontroll'd shall run,  
 Being re-inforc'd with Legions from the Sun;  
 Then Bolts of roaring Thunder shall be hurl'd,  
 And Heaven shall Bomb this Sublunary World;  
 An horrid Lustre shines into the Cave,  
 In haste they break the Ligaments of the Grave;  
 Out of its Niche *Egyptian* Mummey comes,  
 With mystick Characters and harden'd Gums;  
 Fish on the scalded Shore shall panting lie,  
 And now for want of Element must die;  
 Then Earth-quakes shall the Bars of Minerals wrench,  
 Flame shall absorb the waters of the Trench;  
 Then every Bird will like a *Phœnix* burn,  
 But no fresh Off-spring riseth from the Urn;  
 The Sea from tribute shall release the Streams,  
 And the pale Moon refund her borrow'd Beams;  
 Her *Quota* to the Conflagration pays,  
 For by this Tenure she did hold her Rays:  
 The Silk-worm doth our Resurrection show,  
 If any thing resembles it Below,  
 That Gentile Insect doth with changes grow;  
 'Fore in its soft Apartment it doth lye,  
 Hath speckled Wings, and is a Butter-flye;  
 Then unto higher Stages doth arise,  
 Is an *Aurelia*, and a *Chrysalis*;

---

\* Katharine de Medices.

So we thro' various Revolutions pass,  
 We first are Earth, and that springs up to Grass,  
 When the Earth's moisten'd with a fertile Shower,  
 This Herbage bellowing Cattle doth devour ;  
 Then they by un-renting Hands must die  
 The gnawing, acid Juice to satisfy ;  
 So that the World we in a Circle beat,  
 Alternately are Eaten, and do Eat ;  
 But now the scatter'd Atomes shall Unite,  
 Which were dispers'd in Shipwrack or a Fight :  
 All wicked Authors now must Prostrate lie,  
 And dread those heavenly Powers they did defie,  
 Old *Hobbs*, *Occhinnus*, and the *Turkish-Spy* ;  
 Now they shall be condemn'd unto a Flame,  
 As here their Writings did deserve the same ;  
 That Scribler with a stalking-Horse doth advance,  
 And his sly *Atheism* lurks behind *Romance* ;  
 That *Masquerading*, ill-dissembled Man,  
 Before the *Scriptures* puts the *Alcoran* ;  
 And doth prefer that Grand Impostor's Dove,  
 To that bless'd Spirit of Immortal Love,  
 Who with Good motions in our Minds doth move ;  
 Young Rake-Hells with these Principles are imbu'd,  
 Who from their Cradles Swear, are early Lewd ;  
 At a cheap rate their Consciences do sell,  
 Are very forward Candidates for Hell ;  
 And then they imitate the Character  
 Of *Clodius*, or Unconverted R——r ;  
 His Soul grew Vigorous in his Health's decay,  
 With Tears of Penitence wash'd his Sins away ;  
 His Reason which so long did smother'd lie,  
 At last broke forth with stronger Energy ;  
 On his last Scene of Life th'Almighty smil'd,  
 For Heaven is easy to be reconcil'd ;

And

And now the haughty Monarchs must appear,  
 They who made others Tremble now must Fear;  
 Now they must give Account with Sanguine guilt,  
 For all the Blood they wantonly have spilt:  
 He that whole Nations offer'd to his Lust,  
 At last was crumbled into common Dust;  
 Stern Death did the Imperial Carcass shake,  
 And now the Trumpet doth those Bones awake;  
 But with this Thundering noise he is not call'd,  
 To make a War by which the World's entral'd,  
 Justice an Expiation will require,  
 For every Cottage that he set on fire;  
 And Divine Vengeance shall that Monster tame,  
 Who a whole Countrey kindled into flame;  
 Did impiously on sacred Ashes tread,  
 And ris'd all the Monuments of the Dead;  
 A Promise only was a specious Lye,  
 And a repeated Oath a Perjury:  
 The Lives his Sword did shed are now Divine,  
 The humble Plants his Lillies shall out-shine;  
 They languish all, with drooping Heads they fade,  
 And those now Triumph which he Martyrs made;  
 But in a Lake of Brimstone he shall swim,  
 And *Lucifer's* a Tyrant over him.

\* *Chiama gli habitator de l' ombre eterne,  
 Il rauco suon de la tartarea tromba,  
 Treman le spatiose, atre Caverne,  
 E l' aer cieco a quel rumor ribomba;  
 Ne si stridendo mai de le superne,  
 Regioni del Cielo il folgor piomba;  
 Ne si scossa gianmai trema la Terra,  
 Quando i vapori in sen; gravida Serra*

Tasso.

\* Then

\* Then the hoarse Trump with its *Tartarian* sound,  
 Shades of eternal Darkeness shall awake,  
 When the blind Air shall with the Noise rebound,  
 And the sad spacious Caverns all shall quake;  
 Lightning when hasty Flashes strike the ground,  
 Not from the Sky so swift a Flight shall make;  
 Nor shall the Earth such strong Convulsions shock,  
 When in her pregnant womb she Winds doth lock.

*EUGENIA'S* Humour never was severe,  
 Nor made an injur'd Eye to shed a Tear,  
 Unless when Dead, as we lament Her here;  
 She doth partake of other streams of Joy;  
 And the repeated Pleasure cannot cloy:  
 This is the rich Reward of all our Toil,  
 As in a River hunted Deer take Soil;  
 She now her Throne with just Grandeur doth fill,  
 Whilst we poor Mortals pant it up the Hill.

*Alc.* Unjustly against Women we inveigh,  
 When their Ingredients are the finer Clay;  
*Hippolyta Taurella* did complain,  
 Of a long Absence in a melting Strain;  
 Sweetly allur'd *Castiglione* home,  
 And made him quit for her the Charms of *Rome*:  
 Her Verses mov'd on easy, tender Feet,  
 Courtly as *Ovid*, like *Tibullus* sweet:  
*Scurman* with great Accomplishments did shine,  
 A quick Philosopher, and deep Divine.  
 She at the noblest Quarries still did fly,  
 The Gordian Knots of Learning could untie;  
 Our Women should, who Government debate,  
 Her Modesty and Wisdom imitate;  
 Altho' at *Holland* they do Rail so much;  
 This Lady was a Scholar, yet was *Dutch*:



We should not Merit by a Climate Scan,  
 For *Anacharsis* was a *Scythian* ;  
 One saith that Countrey's very deep with Boggs,  
 And so is Ours, and the Air fat with Frogs ;  
 This motive doth the *French* Ambition whet,  
 That this delicious Morsel they might get ;  
 A Dish of *Grenovilles* is their chiefeft Treat,  
 Nay Spawn their eager Appetites would Eat ;  
 They are by Hunger not by Courage led,  
 Glory's their Feint, but they do fight for Bread ;  
*Padua* did shew it had a lively Sense,  
 When that \* *Cornara* Doctor did commence ;  
 'Twas a just Favour they did then confer,  
 And once they recompenc'd Desert in Her ;  
 It otherwise hath solemn Ideots reard,  
 Who what they want in Skill make out in Beard,  
 And then the Goat's the Leader of an Hérđ ;  
 As *Spaniard* on you with *Toledoe* flies,  
 If you dare say *Mustachoes* are not wise ;  
 Upon a feat of Learning 'tis a Blot,  
 To Dubb these Interlopers on the spot ;  
 In Honor without Merit they improve,  
 Nothing for Money, but 'tis all for Love :  
 'Tis like *Chapines* on which you raise a Dwarf,  
 Or as each whifler Arrogates a Scarf ;  
 When the Venetian *Zecca* comes to fail,  
 The Senate offers Dignity to Sale :  
 Cheap Penny-worths of Titles they afford,  
 And you by inch of Candle are a Lord ;  
 Altho' this Lady could not Ducats pay,  
 Her Learning all their Honour did Out-weigh ;

---

\* 'Tis a thing highly Unusual to give a Woman a Degree, but  
 this they did out of Deference to her Worth.

E

That

That \* Lady whom Misfortunes could not break,  
 Did *Plato* Read in his Mellifluous Greek;  
 When by the Axe the harmless Victim bled,  
 They struck off many Languages with one Head;  
 How Good and how Ingenuous they can be,  
 We in *EUGENIA*'S Example see.

*Dam.* We've done with Praise, now *Alcon* Satyr bring,  
*Alc.* *Eugenia*'s Character hath Dis-arm'd my Sting;  
 My Just Remarks would otherwise pursue,  
 And say there's no Man Honest, Just or True.

*Dam.* Kind Heaven avert the Omen! *Alc.* Very few:  
 For the two Principles which Govern here,  
 And turn this Globe, are Interest and Fear;  
 Satyr we as a Remedy should prize,  
 Which doth our Vice impartially Chastise;  
 You don't with easy Blasts the wounded Fan;  
 You cut off Limbs, and do the Skull Trepan;  
 Tho' the wrack'd Patient doth with Torture groan,  
 They use the Caustick and the Vitriol-stone;  
 A Gentle here would be a Murd'ring Hand,  
 For *Rhubarb* is the Health of Reprimand;  
 Vertue ne're strictly hath what it deserves,  
 And Honesty is prais'd, but yet it Starves;  
 Rapine and Luxury do bear the Sway,  
 And fierce Mankind on one another Prey;  
 Nay sometimes you Two Enemies pursue,  
 To thread the Labyrinth you want a Clue:  
 Like that unhappy Fish that's forc'd to fly,  
 From the wet Element into the dry;  
 From his keen Hunter doth a Refuge get,  
 And there he hovers whilst his Wings are wet;  
 But then the Pirates of the Air with Claws,  
 Force him into his first Pursuer's jaws;

\* The Lady Jane Grey.

So that betwixt them both he can't forego,  
 Or his Domestick, or his Forreign Foe;  
 Men wheedle first, and then they do Destroy,  
 The World's a standing Pool, a great Decoy;  
 Where *Fourberies* on one another pass  
 As in a Country that is deep *Morass*;  
 A Race of Feather'd *Sicophants* they breed,  
 The *Politician* lurks behind the Reed,  
 And tempts the Fowl along by throwing Seed:  
 For the Wing'd Travellers frequent this Lake,  
 Which they a *Stygian* by their Death do make,  
 That they of Food and Company may partake;  
 But Hunger thus makes them an easy Prey,  
 And the Associates do their Friends betray;  
 But first a rigid Silence you must keep,  
 It must as undisturb'd be, and as deep  
 As when at mid-night the tir'd World doth sleep:  
 Then not to stir you must a Caution have,  
 As when Men mean to Cheat with Visage Grave;  
 And there in Ambuscade Perdue must lie,  
 These Creatures still hear quicker than they flie;  
 And now comes Sailing on the Caravan,  
 Which when so near that he may them Trapan,  
 Up starts the Shrewd, Inhospitable Man;  
 The Denisons of the Stream away do get,  
 Whilst the wild Captives flutter in the Net.  
 I'de be that happy man who spent his Age  
 Within the Circle of an Hermitage:  
 Not the least Curiosity did use;  
 Nor heard, nor made Enquiry after News;  
 Three Kings of *France* successively had Reign'd,  
 And all the Realm with Civil Blood was stain'd;  
 He free and undisturb'd did Live alone,  
 Knew not who left, or who did fill the Throne.

*Dam.* The Histories of *Sicily* do tell,  
 That once a Man did in the Ocean dwell;  
 Forsook the Hills and all the fruitful Dales,  
 And only did Converse with Fins and Scales;  
 Men Horn'd and Hoof'd have dwelt within the Woods;  
 But this was the first Satyr of the Floods;  
 His Life might properly be said to flow,  
 And a kind *Dolphin* was his Bed-fellow;  
 Sometimes for Air he'd come upon the Beech,  
 Within Mens Eye-sight, though beyond their reach:  
 If them he first Espied, away he fled,  
 And Div'd again into his Coral Bed;  
 For that they say is in the Water soft,  
 And hardned grows when it is brought aloft:  
 Within an hollow Rock he had a Room,  
 Which Amber-Grease did with its Scent Perfume;  
 That precious Earth doth in those Bottomes grow,  
 Till furious Tempests do it upwards throw;  
 At last he in the Dark mis-took his way,  
 Or to his Fellow-Citizens was a Prey.

*Alc.* I would (my *Damon*) Live within these Fields,  
 Where Nature Genuine Satisfaction yields;  
 Here I'de Erect a solitary Cell,  
 Wild Beasts do only in the Cities dwell:  
 A Life abstracted here a Man enjoys,  
 Not mix'd with Falshood, nor debauch'd with Noise:  
 Here in-offensive Company I'de keep,  
 With honest Cows, and undesigning Sheep:  
 Poverty pincheth, a great Fortune loads;  
 And nothing pleaseth You which Incommodes;  
 Great Empire did Proud *Dioclesian* tire,  
*Marcellus* wept, and *Scipio* did retire;  
*Antiochus* thank'd the Senators of *Rome*,  
 That by their Consuls he was overcome:

Acknowledg'd all their Triumphs to be kind,  
 Their Victory his swelling Thoughts confin'd ;  
 I would not be a Cully, nor would Cheat,  
 Nor flatter Ladies Lap-dogs to be Great :  
 I would not be distinguish'd by a Tribe,  
 Nor cringe to Courtiers, nor the Lawyer's Bribe ;  
 A slender Diet for my Health I'd choose,  
 Physicians I'd admire, but seldom use :  
 This of my Life I would propose the End,  
 To read a Book, and to enjoy a Friend ;  
 I would not be Morose, but sometimes Sad,  
 For this allays the Excess of being Glad ;  
 Sanguine and Melancholly both should meet,  
 One equal makes the Blood, the other Sweet ;  
 I'd welcome the approaches of my Fate,  
 With Thoughts not conscious, and a Mind sedate ;  
 \* *Albret* a mighty Genius did bring  
 Into the World, and in her Pangs did Sing ;  
 'Twas a Prefage of what he after won,  
 It was an *Io Pean* for her Son ;  
 As quiet in my Bed of Death I'd lie,  
 And with the ease as she brought forth, would die ;  
 Or like to *Saxonies* brave Temper'd Duke,  
 Who scorn'd of Fortune the severe Rebuke ;  
 † *Charles*, whose Ambition with the World did Jarr,  
 Did Beat him with the Rooking Dice of War :  
 And when he had this noble Person down,  
 His Smiles ne're alter'd for the others Frown ;  
 A messenger of Death to him was sent,  
 Which was the last and fatal Complement :

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\* *Jean d' Albret, Queen of Navarre, the Mother of Henry the IV of France.* † *The Fifth.*

The Tidings did not chill him, nor enflame,  
 Only desir'd that he might play out his Game;  
 For some few Minutes would the Axe delay,  
 Till he had finish'd Stratagems at play;  
 That wise removes as Pensive Chess might yield,  
 That Luck, which was deny'd him in the Field:  
 His Doom revers'd this Resolution gains,  
 He triumph'd o're his Conquerour in Chains;  
 In such an easy, obvious Style I'de write,  
 Which *Damon* might, and *Lysophon* delight;  
 Unto this Talent very few attain,  
 At once to be both Elegant and Plain.  
 \* *Malherbe* did to his *Fille de Suisse* rehearse  
 His Poems, made his Chamber-maid Judge of Verse;  
 If that the Sense upon her Mind did dart,  
 He knew where lay the Touches of his Art:  
 Then Mathematicks closely I'de pursue,  
 It is not only Plausible, but True;  
 My chiefest Labour should on this be spent,  
 The want of which I do too late Repent;  
 Instruction in a Vehicle of Delight,  
 Number and Time, and Space seem Infinite;  
 The Greek and Latine Tongues must always please,  
 The Orientals you may learn with ease;  
 They at first Entrance Difficult appear,  
 Are only frightful in the Character;  
 The *Arabick* requires Expensive toil,  
 But every thing is easy smooth'd with Oyl;  
 Objects of Terrour I would still forsake,  
 Upon the Fancy they Impression make;  
 A Mother once by curious Eyes was led,  
 To see a Malefactor how he Bled;

---

\* *A Famous French Poet.*

Was



Was made a Spectacle upon the *Greve*,  
 Did all things else, but could not Death deceive ;  
 Tinctur'd all o're with Blood of murder'd Men,  
 And one Life suffer'd now for double Ten ;  
 He lay in Agonies stretch'd upon the Wheel,  
 The Hangman with repeated Blows did reel :  
 His Strong-knit Bones he gradually did break,  
 The Villain roar'd, the tender Women squeak ;  
 Then he is mounted almost out of sight,  
 His Carcass doth the griping Vultures fright ;  
 But he's a Prey unto the ravenous Skies,  
 And vomits out his Soul in Blasphemies :  
 Now they've revers'd the Sentence of that Place,  
 And they dispatch him with a *Coup de Grace* ;  
 This of her fancy took up all the Room,  
 And made a Signature upon her Womb ;  
 She with fierce Pangs, short Sighs, and melting Groans,  
 Brought forth an Infant all with broken Bones.

*Dam.* These Speculations Charmingly amuse,  
 But's hard to bring a Theory to life ;  
 Nay when 'tis try'd you always can't prevail,  
 The Project in the first Attempt may fail,  
 These Wounds we do in our Experience feel,  
 Like unto Learned *Pettis* double Keel ;  
 The Toy in the first Voyage did not hit,  
 The Waves broke in, and did the Vessel split ;  
*Drebell* a wonderful invention found,  
 He scorn'd all things 'bove Water or the Ground ;  
 No crack'd Projector ever was like him,  
 He taught a Ship as doth a Fish to swim ;  
 Some at him laugh'd, whilst keener Wits did rail,  
 He swore his *Hulk* should under Water Sail :  
 In vain the strange Experiment did try,  
 As well on *GANZA*'s he to Heaven might fly.

*Alc.*

*Alc.* These were the whimsies of Capricious Art,  
Which Men forg'd out until their Brains did smart;  
Thoughts too Exalted do our time devour,  
Vertue is Easy, and within our Power;  
I'de keep my mind in such an equal Poise,  
As not to Grieve too much, nor to Rejoice:  
Afflictions should not Conquer, tho' they tire,  
I'de be that Cloth that's whiten'd with the fire;  
And this the Ancients call'd their *Asbeston*,  
And from the *Amianthus* now is spun;  
Tho' Flame doth all things into Ashes turn,  
This ne're Consumes let it the fiercest Burn;  
The Earth with Cultivation I'de manure,  
And with *Phlebotomy* my Vines would cure:  
But my chief Care should be my mind to wed,  
Least Rankness should the worm of Conscience breed;  
All our Luxuriant Vices we should kill,  
We may be Good and Happy if we will;  
Since to desert all Avenues are barr'd,  
Love Vertue (*Damon*) tho' without Reward;  
I with the Trees I Planted would grow Old,  
And when my Clay, like that I laid, proves Cold,  
Then a Translation should to me be given,  
I'de leave this Paradise and go to Heaven.

*Dam.* Ah! Give me Notice (*Alcon*) when you Dye,  
That I may fit my Wings and with you fly;  
All the Creation will insipid grow,  
When I must Live with half a Soul below:  
What can precarious Being recommend,  
When Death divorceth me from such a Friend?  
It doth not only shake the drooping Fruit,  
The Earth convulseth and tears up the Root:  
Oh! let my Fibres with yours kindly twist,  
That when Death strikes You, I can not be mist;

But

But I Conjure you by these melting Tears,  
Live on, and rid me of these Penfive Fears.

*Alc.* The World's a Load, and is uneasy grown,  
Yet for your sake I'de live, tho' not my own:  
You raise a Tempest when I hear your Sighs,  
My grief must pay a tribute to your Eyes;  
It doth my Love and my Obedience shew,  
As lesser Streams unto the Ocean flow:  
All Passions as rude Guests we will remove,  
We'll give Reception to nought else but Love.  
Anger a whip for its own fury makes,  
Envy is stung by its envenom'd Snakes;  
A magick Furnace doth her Entrails boil,  
Revenge o're-charg'd with Malice doth recoil:  
As when an *Hawk* doth at an *Heron* fly,  
Pursues him thro' a whole Campaign of Sky,  
He upwards turns, and doth his Hunter Kill,  
Swooping he splits himself upon the Bill;  
But now our different Paths we must pursue,  
And to these lovely Plains must bid adieu;  
And since we have the City now in view,  
May all the Blessings of kind Heaven light there,  
And may I happy be as I'm Sincere;  
May not their Feuds on them provoke thy Curse;  
Hail native Earth! of Industry the Nurse:  
Just so the *Hybla* Citizens do Thrive,  
The Slothful interferers they do drive  
With their sharp Stings, out of the painful Hive,  
Where they a Labyrinth of Honey build,  
The Cells they with extracted Lackar Gild;  
The work grows warm by the Joint-stock of all,  
Beyond the *L'œuvre* and *Escorial*;

'Tis like a Conclave with its Stanza's full,  
 Where one amongst the Purple Herd they call,  
 To be their Pope, who's exquisitely Dull;  
 With him they Lodge the fulminating Power,  
 Who best can Court them in a Golden Shower;  
 Then puny Princes do that Thunder dread,  
 And he commands their Wealth with Seals of Lead;  
 Since in their Labour they resemble Bees,  
 Who from each Flower and Plant exact their Fees;  
 Let them so far the Parallel pursue,  
 As to be like them in their Sweetness too:  
 Let no malign Event their Traffick bilk,  
 Their Manners be as pleasant as their Milk:  
 As *Codrus* to prevent a dire mis-hap,  
 His Country sav'd, and leap'd into the Gap;  
 Them to Redeem his Life he did not prize,  
 To stop their Breach I'de fall a Sacrifice.

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**FINIS**

